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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

De Courci, a Tale, in two Cantos, with other Poems. By J. Thomson. London. 8vo. pp. 246.

POETRY, like the sister art of design, has its various professors, schools, and disciples, who move onward in that branch of versification for which their instructors were principally celebrated. But to him who studies under a master of the lyre, the indulgence vouchsafed to a young artist is entirely denied; the former, in making his debut, in the literary world, must appear in his own works; he must paint, at once, from nature and the life, and when his writings are introduced to the public, he must drop the style of the school where he studied, and the manner of the master who first awakened the poetic spark within his mind. Nevertheless, it should be observed, that if a faithful copy of Raphael's design or Titian's colouring excites admiration, we can perceive but little reason why a careful imitation of the beauties of our best poets should meet reprehension.

The author of *De Courci* has, as it would seem, from the character of his tale and the nature of his expressions, studied in a school of poetry, where the noble professor has had more admirers than imitators, and more enemies than either. From the tale of the *Château de Vildac*, as related in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, the poem of *de Courci* is derived. Its fable consists in the discovery of *De Vildac's* father, who has been, for some years, confined by his son, and the old man's sudden confession, that his own father was slain by his hand. These are the facts, as related in the above mentioned work; but, in the present, they are extended by additional incidents which certainly contribute much to the interest of the relation. This tale, however, occupies but an inconsiderable portion of the volume, yet, at the same time, it contains too many good passages not to make us regret its shortness; and we may, in some measure, anticipate the pleasure the reader will feel in perus-

ing the opening of the first and second cantos, the description of the ruined bed-chamber, and the thunder-storm, with which the whole is concluded. As a specimen of the author's gentler style, we have selected the following passage:—

“O Love!—Heaven's sweetest boon! bestow'd

To cheer our dreary pilgrim road;
That with a changeless fervour glows
Midst burning sands, or polar snows,—
Without thy soul-enchanting power,
Joyless was Eden's brightest bower;
In vain its roses shed perfume
O'er fields of ever-during bloom;
Every hope was scar'd and blighted,
Every bliss was dis-united,
And Paradise was half unblest,
Till infant Love became a guest.
Where angel Beauty never smiled,
The fairest spot on earth were wild;
For love alone our home endears,
Love softens e'en the grief of tears,
Like erring creed of Moslem faith,
Whose Houris soothe the pangs of death.”

The whole of the second canto, which contains *De Courci's* story and confession, is written in a sterner mood, and much on the admirable model of that broken shrift in the *Giaour*; a short extract will fully convey the idea:—

“Such heart is like the tree of death,
Where nothing near has healthful breath,
Where nothing lives its branch beneath;
Whose deadly dew is scatter'd round
On every herb that strews the ground,
And e'en the venom'd soil receives
The poison of its weeping leaves.
Like that foul Upas' baleful shade,
Is the dark soul to sin betray'd,
And all un-dying rankles there
The burning torment of despair.
Nor may the victim hope for rest,
When earthly terrors fly;
Though honour's ermine bind his crest,
Where the fiend's signet hath imprest
Its changeless features on the breast,
All-piteous must he die!
Or, if such spirit now might rise
To Heaven's pure palace of the skies,
Soar, 'midst its thrones of dazzling light,
To reign all-beauteously and bright,—
It would not join the angel train,
But grovelling pant for earth again.”

The reconciliation of the two contending houses, by the marriage of Victor and Adelaide, is told with great spirit, and the effect of subdued hate in *De Courci* is admirably portrayed:—

“Deep in the groves of Valombré,
Where shadows mock the brightest day,
The heirs of either house,—alone
Had met, conversed, and lov'd, unknown;
Victor had sworn to ADELAIDE,
And pledged a faith no change could sever
And proud *De Courci's* dark-eyed maid
Vow'd to be true,—and true for ever!
Nor till the plighted word was past,
Deem'd they of scathe their hopes to blast;
But their's were hearts too firm for yielding,
And Love's bright panoply enshielding,
In rosy wreaths his votaries led,
Till every hostile passion fled.
Soon to *De Courci's* ear it came,—
His smother'd anger rose to flame!
Scorn,—pity,—rage, at once possess'd
The whirlwind passions of his breast;
And from her parent's hearth exiled,
The sire had driven his only child,—
His Adelaide,—whose infant tears
Had ever waked a father's fears;
But then, from Montmorenci sent,
Came missive on the late event,
With peaceful offer, frank and free,
To close the long hostility,
And, by their children's union, prove
The blessings of domestic love.
Brief space in mute amaze he stood,—
And those who then the baron view'd,
Might deem him 'rapt in frenzy's mood:—
Conflicting pangs his bosom rent,
And anger to his dark brow lent
A darker shade of livid gloom,
Like corse torn rudely from its tomb,
When struck to death by murderer's blade,
And in unholy ceremonies laid.
At length, *De Courci's* glance was raised;
Upon his darling child he gazed:
Scarce could you hear the timid sigh,
With which she met his searching eye;—
Then, while his words broke faint and slow,
Turn'd to the herald of his foe:—
‘Enough,—to Montmorenci bear
My answer to his greetings fair:
Unvanquish'd both,—we both may meet,
Unsham'd by feelings of defeat:—
I would have braved,—but that is past;
Such feelings may not,—must, not last.
In such a cause have martyrs died,
But fathers' feelings mock at pride:—
Then briefly say,—our quarrels cease,
De Courci grants the pledge of peace.
'Tis fix'd,—to-morrow's earliest light
Shall gild the lovers' spousal rite,
And its last setting day beam close
Our rival wrath, and blood-stain'd woes.’”

The remainder, but at the same time the greater part of this volume, is occupied by various charitable addresses and shorter poems. On the former it is difficult to criticise; such productions, even where they are possessed of merit, usually glide silently, yet rapidly, to oblivion. The good which they have effected is forgotten, and if,

by chance, they should afterwards meet the eyes, they are divested of those local circumstances which rendered them interesting, and their faults appear the more conspicuous from the view which is formed of their simple and moralizing strain. Those now before us have evidently a loyal and a philanthropic spirit, and our readers may judge, from the following extract, in what ratio stands their poetical merit. This address was written for the anniversary festival of the Artist's Benevolent Institution:—

"See, at the hillock where his ashes sleep,
Those sorrowing babes, and mourning widow weep;
Beneath that turf, whose flowers so vainly bloom,
Each bliss lies buried in a parent's tomb,
And there, too soon, may Poverty's decree
Lay the young saplings with the blasted tree.
Unaided shall they fall?—No; you will hear
The mother's anguish, and her infant's prayer,
When in their souls' dread agony they sue,—
When their last earthly hope is fix'd on you,
You will forbid the sinking heart to break,
And bless the orphan for his father's sake."

"THE MINSTREL MARINER."

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In your Journal of this day, I was particularly struck and gratified with the manly, honest, and feeling spirit, in which your Correspondent, *Veritas*, touches upon the melancholy fate of the unfortunate Wilson, and the judicious appeal which he founds thereupon to national benevolence, in favour of a suffering but neglected body of men, who have certainly deserved well of their country. I intend shortly to take the liberty of addressing, through the medium of your respectable and interesting publication, a few general reflections, in furtherance of the, (as I consider it), imperative object in question, to a high authority in the Admiralty department; but, in the mean time, I am anxious to recommend to your critical discernment, and, through you, to the notice of the liberal and enlightened, the case of another individual, belonging to the class under consideration, who, as far as I have yet been able to trace his "short and simple annals," appears to me as singular a prodigy of unlettered genius as Scotch Burns, or our own Bloomfield. Criticism is the handmaid of genius. The latter is a delicate plant, which, when, like the seed in the parable sown on a rock, it happens to fall upon "unfertile ground," seldom ever reaches maturity or eminence. It was through means chiefly fortuitous that the two extraordinary men just mentioned attained due celebrity,—the one, by the laudable zeal of a few of his countrymen, who are distinguished by their patriotism in whatever regards native talent, and the other, by the generous disinterested exertions of a gentleman, whose name will thence inherit a lustre, brighter than even genius itself can hope to enjoy. The

person I allude to, whose name, real or assumed, is Fitzadam, may be justly set down as a third example of strong natural poetical capabilities, unaided by regular scholastic education, and developing themselves while their possessor was condemned to "toil and sweat under a weary life" of laborious duty. What Burns and Bloomfield were upon their native mountains and pastures, he is upon his native waves. This "Minstrel Mariner," who has served for a series of years in the humble but honourable capacity of a seaman, has, since being reduced, published, at the instance and by the assistance of a friend, a small volume of poems, the principal of which is on the subject of the late expedition against Algiers. Limited as a communication of this kind must of necessity be, I cannot give you even an outline of this poem, which evinces great originality of invention, felicity of arrangement, and appropriateness of ornament; together with such an affluence of scriptural, historical, and classical allusion, such high sentiments of religion and patriotism, and such a portion of the fire of poetry diffused over the whole, as are truly astonishing in a mind so little at leisure for cultivation, and which could only have pursued its bent during the intervals, "few and far between," of severe duty. The book, I believe, has not yet been noticed by any of the Reviews; but, to those acquainted with the *trading* principles upon which such publications are conducted in this metropolis, the neglect will be sufficiently explained, by the circumstance that the author was at once and equally destitute of money and of literary connections; and as wholly ignorant, moreover, as a man of his habits and profession must necessarily be, of the trick and management practised on similar occasions. You may be satisfied, this appeal on behalf of unfriended talent would not be addressed to you, were I not well persuaded that you are superior to that mercenary spirit, which degrades criticism and disgraces many of your contemporaries. However highly I may estimate the poem, abstractedly from all allowances to be made for the writer's education, it is not my purpose to anticipate or pre-occupy judgment, confident, as I feel, that I am confiding the candid investigation of its merits, positive and relative, to far more competent hands. I will, therefore, merely transcribe one or two passages which refer to the circumstances of the naval profession generally, and which apply to the subject of the article in your Journal, which suggested this application. But the book itself, as a poetical phenomenon, is really worth your curiosity, if I have failed to engage any higher sentiment in your breast, concerning the fate of the author.

The poem opens abruptly with a beautiful apostrophe to his country:—

Blest be the Land that gave me birth!
Tho' half an alien to her love,
Tho' wandering round the desert earth,
My lonely wing went questing forth, &c.

After which, the author proceeds thus eloquently to describe his vocation and course of study:—

But who was Eric? pilgrim too,
Tho' not of fortune's happier few,
Nor Mecca-bound, tho' Mosque-man's creed,
Perchance had better served his need
Than the fond faith his sires had given,
Sole heritage from them and heaven—
A pilgrim of the harp was he,
With half a heart for chivalry—
The lone, the marvellous, the wild,
Had charm'd his spirit, man, and child;
Graduate in nature's elder school
Of forms all grand or beautiful,
Her manuscript divinely wrought,
God's own miraculous polyglot,
Speaking, in one, all languages—
He studied—rocks and stars and seas—
Nor other inspiration his;
But chief the Deep his worship won,
Th'illimitable Ocean,—nurst thereon:
With all its workings—maniac hour—
Even for that madness lov'd but more,
Kin elements—his moody mind
A portion of the wave and wind;
And oft the boy would try to weave
His wonder into shapes of song,
And, failing still, would inly grieve
To think he did his feelings wrong—

In the following passage, which refers apparently to his professional prospects, the manly modesty of the tar, with the delicate consciousness of desert, are touched in a masterly manner:—

Light fardle this—some odds beside,
(It might be folly, or the pride
Of conscious duty) rose the while
Betwixt him and his mother soil;
He fought for her on land and wave,
She call'd him true, and knew him brave,
Yet traced he still but in her eye
A stepdame's grudging courtesy . . .
By all her deeds and glories taught
He would sometimes in sorrow deem,
That, if indeed unjust in ought,
His country was unjust to him—

The reckless spirit, and devotion to duty, which characterize the British seaman are finely depicted in the following lines:—

Oh Christ! 'tis strange to think upon,
And sad to tell, and wild to see,
The toils of fight, of storm, and sun,
That seamen grapple smilingly;
Round the chill pole doom'd scarce to breathe,
Or scorch'd the burning line beneath;
Thro' many a midnight charged to keep
Drear watch along the desolate deep,
The calm's slow-wasting prey, perhaps,
Or gulph'd within the roaring lapse
Of the mountainous o'er-bursting waves;
Far from their homes, their fathers' graves.
Then comes the battle's thundering rent,
Where bleeding limbs are blown about,
And midst death-clouds and floods of gore,
Life strains for one last volley more;
All this and worse the reckless race
Can lightly dare to guard and grace
The land for which they love to die,
So that death seal her victory?
Aye, duty to their own home-isle
Even in the cannon's mouth can smile,
And, grappling death is something dear,
Hail chain-shot with a gay 'what cheer?'

Such are the men whose services and sufferings are forgotten or unrewarded in

the day of their country's security! I should be inclined to quote more, much more, from this spirited and extraordinary poem, but am fearful of trespassing too far on the space of your very valuable miscellany. However, I am strongly deceived in your critical character, as well as in the merit of the passages transcribed, if I have not already done enough to interest both your taste and your liberality, and induce you to look into the book itself. In conclusion, I will only add, that some of the lighter graces, incidentally grafted on the subject of the poem, have an oriental softness and brilliancy about them, that would not disgrace the author of Lalla Rookh.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant and constant reader,
— Square, PHILO-NAUTICUS.
Nov. 7, 1818.

BISHOP WATSON'S VERACITY?

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—No work of the present day has excited so great an interest as the posthumous "Memoirs of the late Bishop of Llandaff." And, even if we confine our view to the boldness of the details in which they abound, and which a more prudent or a less venturesome writer might have concealed, these "Memoirs" are certainly entitled to all their celebrity. Yet the interest they have awakened has not flowed from this source alone; the original, and, I may add, the egotistical colouring in which the right reverend biographer has chosen that his portrait should be conveyed to posterity, has unquestionably had a share in producing the effect I have noticed. And, among the many peculiarities of this work, the frequent allusions* of the venerable prelate to his *unlearned* retirement at Calgarth, is not the least singular. Without presuming to dispute the propriety of the feeling which could have suggested such a circumstance as a fit subject for ostentatious publicity, I may be allowed to observe, that it has, from the first, appeared to me as a most extraordinary, if not as a solitary, feature in literary biography, that a man so eminent in the republic of letters, and a dignified churchman too, should have voluntarily excluded himself from all access to books for so many years. In a word, notwithstanding the repeated assertions of the distinguished author, I could scarcely credit the fact. This scepticism, however, did not prevent my surprize, when I lately met with the following passage in one of the late Mrs. Hamilton's letters, in the "Memoirs" of that lady, recently published:—

"The neighbourhood of the Bishop of L— and his family is not one of the least advantages of our present situation. The command of his fine library is to me an inestimable privilege; and the society of his family, to which his own extraordi-

nary conversational powers add considerable value, is a first-rate acquisition."—Letter to Dr. S—, from Bowness, near Kendal, 14th Sept. 1802. See "Memoirs of Mrs. E. Hamilton," vol. 2. p. 46.

Perhaps some of your readers may be able to explain the mystery that appears to exist in the matter as I have here represented it. For myself, I must own, that without some explanation, I should in vain attempt to reconcile such contradictory statements.

Oct. 31st, 1818.

ORDOVEX.

THE REV. DR. HALLORAN.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In your Number for October 31st, I find my own name mentioned in connection with that of the unfortunate Dr. Halloran, who was known to me by the name of Blakeney, and for whose present circumstances I am much pained.

The two principal traits in the character of Dr. H., which I have had occasion to notice, are independence and generosity; for the former, I am of opinion, that he would not only spend his last drop of ink, but his last breath; and for the latter, his last mite. So far as I know, distress never appealed to him in vain.

The favour which he conferred on me, as you have heard, was on a very slight acquaintance,—perfectly unsolicited, and, in all respects, in so handsome a manner as greatly to enhance its value.

The anecdote with which you have been furnished by A. C. B. is true, with the exception of a few trivial inaccuracies, which, I presume, have arisen from lapse of time and memory. I had been employed, by a society of respectable and benevolent gentlemen in the county, to preach the gospel and instruct the poor in the village and its vicinity; but, as is sometimes the case with similar institutions, the finances of the society gradually diminished, and I was unexpectedly left with but little other support than what was derived from a school, although constantly employed in preaching in three or four different places. From the failure of that support which I had been accustomed to receive, my embarrassment arose, and, to the creditor alluded to, I stood indebted to the amount of *something less than fifty pounds*, with a few small debts to other persons. As to the probability that there was of my being arrested, perhaps Dr. H. might have known more than myself; I certainly had not the most distant hint of the kind from the party concerned, although he had applied for payment without success. I felt, of course, great anxiety respecting it, and, in the depth of my solitudes received a most polite letter from Mr. Blakeney, (Dr. H.) very kindly offering to use his endeavours with some friend, to obtain the money, and especially with one particular gentleman, a *Dissenting Minister*, who had been an active member of the society by which I had been employed; with whom, I understood, he

had been once in company. As I considered this offer as a remarkable interposition of Providence in my behalf, I did not feel at liberty to refuse it, but, of course, embraced it with gratitude; and, in a few weeks, in consequence of Mr. Blakeney's (Dr. H.'s) letter to the *Dissenting Minister above alluded to, the gentlemen who had composed the society by which I had been employed, made a further effort, and sent me sixty pounds*. The reason why my own flock did not contribute, in that instance, is obvious, from their minister having been, in a great measure, supported by a benevolent society; most of them were so poor that they had it not in their power; the few who were not poor, had before lent some aid, although some of them had other places to assist, with which they stood connected, besides the payment of tithes and church-rates. As I was now free from embarrassment, yet without the prospect of a maintenance, I deemed it prudent to remove to a field of usefulness, where I might indulge the hope of being able to provide for my family.

On my departure from the place, I called on Mr. B., or Dr. H., to take leave, when he very generously offered me the loan of the whole amount of his year's salary, 30l. and with so much candour and frankness that I was induced to accept it, which I did with gratitude, at the same time offering him my note of hand for the money, but which, with his accustomed magnanimity, he refused; such was the conduct of Dr. H. towards a person who to him was comparatively a stranger!

Although I do not consider *evangelical doctrine* as a *sectarian* thing, as we find it not only in the Bible, but in the confessions of most of the reformed churches; and, as every clergyman pledges his fidelity to preach that doctrine, yet I do not at present wish to enter into that point; all that I wish to remark in regard to it is, that it will be found, by the letter alluded to, if A. C. B. can refer to it, that it was not said that the first question which would be asked would be, "Is his preaching evangelical?" Other questions are also supposed to arise prior to that; but, sir, if I were actually acquainted with any faults in Dr. H., I should think it my duty very plainly to point them out to himself, and not to publish them to the world.

During the time that I continued to reside in the parish after his arrival, he certainly had a large portion of esteem from all classes, nor was I aware of any thing that would be generally considered wrong in the conduct of a clergyman of the Church of England. That you may understand the make of the Dr.'s mind, in regard to generosity and independence, I would observe, that this act of kindness to the Dissenting Teacher was done shortly after a most violent philippic, which had occupied two Sundays, had been delivered in the same pulpit which the Dr. now filled, representing Dissenters as dangerous to the state, and Dissenting

* Among other passages the following may be consulted:—*Octavo edition*, vol. 1. p. 405. Vol. 2. p. 117, 190, and 266.

Ministers, in general, as a set of poor ignorant mechanics, carpenters, cobblers, chimney-sweeps, or Jesuits in disguise; (but, as the people could distinguish between the spirit of Christian love and the spirit of angry and abusive misrepresentation, they crowded the meeting more than ever.) It was soon after the denunciation of our whole tribe, as a dangerous set of sectaries, heretics, and schismatics, that Dr. H., with manly independence, freely associated with Dissenters (without contracting any defilement) as occasion required; and, like a true Briton, pleaded the cause of religious liberty in the same pulpit, although the previous circumstances had been made known to him, and he proved himself the wiser man; by this means, he "brought back that which had been driven away," and the church, which had been almost empty, now became nearly full.

I can truly say, that had not a series of adverse circumstances rendered it impossible, it would have afforded me inexpressible delight to have supplied the Dr.'s necessities out of my own pocket, and nothing but impossibility could have prevented it. With these sentiments, I remain, Sir,

Your's most respectfully,

ISAAC PURKIS.

P. S. Of that which is wrong I most decidedly disapprove in every man; but to approve, *as far as may be*, is but the dictate of the golden rule.

THE SAME.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I have not the least doubt that the Rev. Dr. Halloran can produce the most satisfactory testimonials of his conduct at particular times. I well know, that at particular times, his proceedings have been as irreproachable, as, at others, they have been directly opposite; but what have these testimonials to do with the main question? which is, not whether he has acted in a meritorious and praiseworthy manner at certain periods, which I am ready to allow he has done, but, whether he has not, at others, been guilty of acts and practices which all his other good character, so far from extenuating, renders more glaring and inexcusable.

When I put the questions to Dr. Bridgman, I did not anticipate having Dr. Halloran for a Correspondent. It is, however, fortunate for my case, that he has taken the task upon himself, for, I will leave it to any impartial reader of your paper of the 7th instant, whether, after perusing Dr. Halloran's angry letter in it, he can have the least doubt that the circumstances I have hinted at in my letter of the 22d ult., as connected with this reverend culprit, *are all stubborn facts*?—I believe them to be so.

Dr. Halloran has adroitly availed himself of the usual cant against giving "explanations anonymously required," &c. and thus evades any answer whatever to the queries proposed to Dr. Bridgman. If he be entirely deserving of the high

testimonials of which he so vaunts, he can scarcely be the man I have alluded to; and, although our laws do not require any one to *criminate* himself, yet, surely there is every reason to induce an individual, accused of great and manifold misdemeanors, to *exculpate* himself, if he be innocent, when that can be done by merely giving a simple negative to the charges preferred, even when those charges are brought forward anonymously:—he owes such a denial to himself and to the world, although he may feel no respect for the channel through which the charges are made.

I know Dr. Halloran to be possessed of considerable attainments and talents, which he has displayed on occasions which have been much more to his credit than those I have referred to,—but it will require qualities of a very rare description to enable him even to gloze over the culpable and gross transactions recorded against him.

There can be no question of his guilt in the case of the forged frank,—he has himself acknowledged by pleading "guilty" to it; he now is suffering the just penalty of his offence, and I assure you, sir, that, although I have been for some time acquainted with the facts detailed in my former letter, nothing should have induced me to give publicity to them, had there not been so many insidious attempts made in the public prints, from an obvious quarter, in the shape of poetry, paragraph, and inuendo, to influence the public sentiment in his favour, and to vilify and traduce the government which prosecuted him, the court of justice before which he was arraigned, and the law which he had violated and by which he was punished.

I can pretty well guess the nature of the testimonials which Dr. Halloran is so anxious to have laid before the world, and the parties from whom they have emanated; and I therefore fear I shall not perceive among them any proof of this person having *ever been ordained a clergyman by any English or Irish Bishop*,—nor, indeed, any thing else which at all bears upon the main points of my letter.

Permit me to notice two trifling errata in the printing of that letter. The person who obtained the curacy of Warbleton, represented himself to be "D. Lewis," not "Dr." as you have it, and the signature is incorrect, and not of

Your obedient Servant,

10th Nov. 1818.

T. W. M.

EASY MODE OF RECKONING.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In calculating the annual amount of small daily sums, the following simple rule may often be found useful, and is much at the service of your readers.

Your obedient Servant.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

Reduce the daily sum to pence; add half; take the result as pounds; add also five times the daily sum in pence, and

you have the answer. Thus 8d. a day is 12l. 3s. 4d. a-year*.

$$\begin{array}{l} \text{Ex. 1: } 8 + 4 = 12l. \\ \quad \quad 8 \times 5 = 40d. \end{array} \quad \left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \end{array} \right\} 12l. 3s. 4d.$$

$$\begin{array}{l} \text{Ex. 2: } 9 + 4\frac{1}{2} = 13l. 10s. \\ \quad \quad 9 \times 5 = 45d. \end{array} \quad \left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \end{array} \right\} 13l. 13s. 9d.$$

The principle is this:—There are 240 pence in one pound; add half, it amounts to 360. The number of days—5 in a year.

TEST FOR EPSOM SALTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The numerous and too-frequently fatal accidents that have occurred, through the carelessness of persons vending medicines, and others, induces me to send for insertion in your valuable Journal, the following hints, which have been furnished by an eminent chemist. Those who have doubts about Epsom Salts, may always be satisfied by putting to them, when dissolved, a little *magnesia*, which *will mix quietly*; but, should it be *oxalic acid*, it *will hiss and boil up immediately*.

A. B.

P. S. Magnesia will rather improve the salts; both chalk and potash will also, in a similar manner, detect the difference.

ARITHMETICAL CALCULATION.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I shall feel myself greatly obliged, if you will be kind enough to inform me, whether the following, in the answer given by George Bidder, to the school master's question, inserted in the last number of your valuable paper, is an error of the press or a mistake in the answer itself?

I find, by casting up the total amounts to be paid to the men, instead of 300l., I make the total, including the fractions as 3s. 4d., to amount to 300l. 10s. I do not pretend to be an accountant, and may therefore, be wrong in my casting, but shall be thankful, if you will be kind enough to examine it, and let me have an answer at your earliest convenience.

I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

J. H. T.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

HER LATE MAJESTY

Sophia Charlotte,

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

&c. &c.

SOPHIA CHARLOTTE, late Queen of Great Britain, was the daughter of Charles Lewis, brother to Adolphus Frederic III, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; she was born May 19, 1744, and had an education suitable to her rank, and to the exalted situation she was afterwards called to fill for so long a period, that of Queen of the first nation in Europe.

The house of Mecklenburg, if not the most ancient in Europe, is certainly one of the most noble in Germany, and is

* 9d. a day, 13l. 13s. 9d. a-year.

lineally descended from the kings or leaders of the Vandals, who, with a mixture of the Heruli, were the ancient inhabitants of this country; but afterwards, when the Burgundians made irruptions into the Roman empire, some of them settled here.

The old princes of these nations used to stile themselves the kings of the Heruli and Vandals, of whom the first is said to have been one Anthyrius, son of an Amazon, who learned his first rudiments of war under Alexander the Great. From this Anthyrius descended a long race of kings, the last of whom, (the fortieth) was Pribislaus II, who being vanquished by Henry Leo, Duke of Saxony, in an unfortunate battle against Waldemar, the son of Canute, King of Denmark, was obliged to exchange the title of king for that of Prince of the Vandals and Lord of Mecklenburg. He was baptized by the abbot of St. Michael, at Luneburg, 1163, upon assurance of peace with Henry Leo, who gave him all the country between the Elbe and the Baltic, except Schwerin. Pribislaus founded the monastery of Deberau, and built Rostock and Mecklenburg. He died at Luneburg, at a tilting match, October 1, 1178.

In 1349, the Prince of Mecklenburg was created a duke, and made a prince of the empire; the remnant of the Vandals united with the Mecklenburghers, about the year 1429; after that time, they were divided into three branches; viz. Gustrow, Schwerin, and Strelitz; but the extinction of that of Gustrow, in 1688, occasioned a law-suit between the two other branches, about the succession, which was terminated, in 1701, by the interference of the emperor, when it was agreed, that the duchy of Gustrow was annexed to that of Schwerin, and that the Duke of Strelitz should have the bishoprick of Katzelburg secularized, with forty thousand crowns a-year, from the tolls of Boitzenburg, and a voice in the diet of the empire. The duchy of Mecklenburg Strelitz is of small extent, and at present contains a population of seventy-one thousand, seven hundred, and sixty-nine persons. The established religion of the country is Lutheran.

His Majesty, George III, had not long been seated on the throne, when, in a council held on Wednesday, July 8, 1761, he declared, that after the fullest information and mature deliberation, he was come to a resolution to demand, in marriage, the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, "a princess distinguished by every eminent virtue and amiable endowments, whose illustrious line has constantly shown the firmest zeal for the Protestant religion, and a particular attachment to my family."

A circumstance equally creditable to the princess's patriotism and talents, and to the sovereign who appreciated them, is said to have fixed the choice of His Majesty. When the victorious armies of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, had entered the territories of the Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, the Princess

wrote a letter to him, which not only rescued the dominions of her cousin from invasion, but impressed the monarch so strongly in her favour, that he sent the letter over to George II, as a miracle of patriotism and good sense, in so young a princess; the following is a copy of the letter:—

Translation of a letter written by Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg, to the King of Prussia, on one of his victories:—

"May it please Your Majesty;

"I am at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you on your late victory: since the same success that has covered you with laurels, has overspread the country of Mecklenburgh with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country, to lament the honours of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the arts of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature; but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

"It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure, even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me. The whole country, my dear country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women, and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds or loss of limbs, rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang around him, ask the history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

"I am, Sire, &c."

What share this letter had in influencing the choice of His Majesty in favour of the Princess of Mecklenburg, it is not for us to determine, but no sooner had he declared his determination to his council, than preparations were made for carrying

it into effect; and the Earl of Harcourt was appointed to make the demand of her Serene Highness, accompanied by the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, and the Countess of Effingham, to take care of her person, whilst the command of a gallant fleet, to convey her over to the English shore, was entrusted to Lord Anson. The Caroline yacht was, with great ceremony, new named the Charlotte, in honour of her Serene Highness, and the barges, which were to bring her down the Elbe, embellished with a profusion of carving and gilding, and manned with picked men, all richly and elegantly clothed.

The fleet put to sea on the 8th of August, and the embassy reached Strelitz on the 14th. The next morning, the Earl of Harcourt performed the ceremony of asking, in form, her Serene Highness in marriage for the King his master, and a treaty of marriage was concluded the same day: the moment the contract was signed, a discharge of cannon announced it to the public. Her Royal Highness was afterwards complimented by the states of the country and the deputies of the towns; a great festival and entertainment succeeded, the garden of the castle was illuminated with above forty thousand lamps, and the rejoicings continued until the 17th of August, when her Highness set out for Mirow, amidst the tears and prayers of all ranks of people, the poor in particular, whose zealous patroness she had always shown herself. On the 18th, she arrived at Perleberg, where she was complimented by the Count de Gotter, in the name of his Prussian Majesty, who had ordered that no post-money should be taken for any of the horses and carriages attending her Highness; she, however, ordered a considerable sum of money to the chasseurs who escorted her. At Stade, the princess was received with great rejoicings, but the commander of the town-militia being in doubt whether the men ought to ground or shoulder their firelocks, gave several contradictory orders, and her Highness was received by them half one way and half the other. Every town through which the Princess passed, seemed to vie with each other in paying her respect; and on her embarking at Cuxhaven, on board the Royal Charlotte, the different ships fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns each: the Princess, who had conducted herself with the greatest sincerity, exclaimed, "Can I be worthy of these honours," and when the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton kneeled to kiss her hand, she said, she hoped friendship might take place of ceremony between them.

On the 6th of September, the Princess arrived at Harwich, and on the 8th, reached town, and was received by His Majesty, attended by his brothers, at the garden of St. James's Palace; in the evening, at nine o'clock, the marriage, which has been productive of happiness unusual amongst princes, was celebrated with great solemnity. On the 14th of September, their Majesties received the

congratulations of the city of London, and the same evening went to Drury Lane Theatre to see the Rehearsal, when there was the most crowded house ever witnessed.

The coronation of their Majesties was now fixed to take place on the 22d of September, and the utmost preparations were made to render the ceremony as splendid as possible; it would much exceed our limits to enter into a detail of the proceedings of that day; we cannot, however, omit noticing the eagerness with which it was witnessed by all ranks of people. The front seats in the gallery of Westminster Abbey were let at ten guineas each; and those, in commodious houses, along the procession, at no less prices. The prices in the ordinary houses were from five guineas to one guinea, so that one little house, in Coronation Row, after the scaffolding was paid for, cleared 700l., and some large houses, upwards of 1000l. In the coronation theatres, as they were called, being a sort of large booths, capable of containing from 1200 to 1500 seats, the prices were beyond all precedent. The ground-rent, to build the scaffolding on, was proportionably extravagant. That in the Broad Sanctuary let at three guineas and a half per foot, and that within the rails, inclosing the Abbey, at five guineas. As an instance of the eagerness to witness this grand spectacle, a gentleman was prevailed on to take a room for his lady at the rate of one hundred and forty guineas; but the appointment of the solemnity of the coronation falling unhappily exactly at the time of her expected accouchement, she had farther prevailed on her husband to let a skilful man-midwife, nurse, &c. attend her, and to hire an additional withdrawing room, lest the hurry of the day should accelerate an event which would render it impossible to remove her.

At the coronation, which was celebrated with the greatest solemnity and rejoicing, a large quantity of silver medals, struck for the occasion—were very freely distributed; the medals were of two different descriptions:—

The KING's had, on one side, his Majesty's bust; the exergue, GEORGIUS III. D. G. M. BR. FR. ET HIB. REX, F. D. on the reverse, his Majesty sitting, and Britannia holding a crown over his head; the exergue, PATRIÆ ORANTI.

The QUEEN's—on one side, her Majesty's bust; the exergue, CHARLOTTA D. G. M. BR. FR. ET HIB. REGINA. On the reverse, her Majesty at full length; an altar beside her, with a flame rising from it; and over her, a seraph descending with a crown, and going to place it on her head; the exergue, QUA SITUM MERITIS.

The inscription on each, CORON. XXII SEPT. MDCCLXI.

On the Lord Mayor's day, immediately succeeding the coronation, Their Majesties dined with the Lord Mayor, &c. at Guildhall, where a most splendid entertainment was prepared. On their passage

through St. Paul's Church-yard, they were met by the scholars of Christ Church, the senior of whom spoke an Address written for the occasion. The House of Commons, on their meeting, provided most liberally for Her Majesty: by a resolution of the 20th Nov., 1761, which was passed *nem. con.* granting a provision for the Queen, in case she shall survive His Majesty, of 100,000l. *per annum*, during her life, to support her royal dignity, together with His Majesty's palace of Somerset House, and the lodge and lands at Richmond Park. Buckingham House was purchased, in the following spring, by His Majesty for his august spouse.

No event could have given greater satisfaction to the British nation than this marriage, and addresses of congratulation poured in from every corner of the British empire; even the ladies, to show their pleasure, infringed on the privileges of the other sex to pay their homage, as the following Address will show:—

“To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty;
“The humble address of the ladies of the borough of St. Alban's, in the county of Hertford.

“May it please Your Majesty,

“We, your most dutiful and affectionate subjects, being, *by custom*, precluded from being named in the address of the mayor and corporation of this place, beg leave to approach Your Majesty with the warmest congratulations on your happy nuptials.

“Formed by nature, and improved by the completest education, you were selected, by the best of kings, to add the only happiness that was wanting to His Majesty in this world.

“As subjects are greatly influenced by the example of their sovereign, we have the greatest reason to hope, that the matrimonial state will be duly honoured by Your Majesty's dutiful subjects cheerfully following the royal example; an example too much wanted in this degenerate age, wherein that happy state is made the object of ridicule instead of respect, by too many vain, giddy, and dissipated minds. If the riches of a nation consists in its populousness, this happy country will, in that respect, too soon become poor, whilst the lawful means to continue posterity are either shackled by the restraint of mistaken laws, or despised by those who regard none.

“But as every virtuous and commendable action is encouraged by your royal Consort's and your own noble sentiments and conduct, we hope this example will be duly followed by Your Majesty's loyal subjects.

“That you may long remain a pattern of conjugal fidelity and happiness, and see a numerous offspring grow up as tender plants under your maternal influence, to be a blessing to their royal parents, and to this nation, are the sincere and ardent wishes of Your Majesty's most dutiful and devoted subjects,

“THE LADIES OF ST. ALBANS.”

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM NORTH WALES.

LETTER VI.

To C. W. Esq.

DEAR W.—To-day, we have a cattle-fair at Dolgelly, the first I have witnessed since my arrival. Here are mountaineers from every part of Merionethshire, and the wilds of the adjacent counties, attending with their cattle. English fairs are usually scenes of riot and confusion; here, at present, every thing denotes the highest order and tranquillity: the *cwrrw** may indeed circulate rather freely towards evening, and thereby occasion some trifling disturbance; but I am given to understand that the Dolgelly fairs are generally concluded without any tumult.

I have had a good opportunity of observing the peculiarities of Welsh physiognomy, from the numerous peasants, who resort hither to the fair. To begin with the fair sex, I shall quote a pleasing and correct description, from a very amusing traveller through this country, in 1797. “A round, candid, open countenance, illuminated by a brilliant complexion, dark eyes, and teeth of dazzling whiteness, and a certain indescribable *naïveté*, [which happily blends archness and simplicity, and a great deal of intelligence, with an equal share of modesty,] give an air peculiarly agreeable to the Welsh girls.” They are rather above than below the middle size, and have a singular appearance, from wearing a black beaver hat, of the same shape as a man's, instead of a bonnet. The men are a robust race, hardy as the mountains they inhabit; their behaviour to strangers is extremely civil; and I found, from two or three who could speak English, that they are a cheerful and contented race.

On the 15th, we visited Festiniog, ten miles north-eastward of Harlech. Our road thither presented an agreeable diversity of landscape, and shortly brought us to a beautiful little lake, one mile in circumference, called Llyn Tegwyn, over which the path we traversed impends, and is cut on the declivity of a mountain, which bounds the lake on the north; its sides were enlivened by a flock of sheep, cropping the scanty herbage it afforded. At a short distance from the lake, we ascended a hill, from the summit of which we were presented with a most magnificent mountain scene. The jagged head of Cader Idris, and the highest point of Snowdon, called YWyddfa, made a con-

* *Cwrrw* (the national beverage of the Welsh) is sought for with avidity, and quaffed in large quantities. It is made from barley, dried in a peculiar manner, which gives it a smokey taste, and renders it heady and soporific. It appears to be a liquor of an ancient date, for Strabo speaks thus of it:—“*Ligures utuntur potu hordacco*,”—lib. iv. and Pliny relates that the inhabitants of the western countries became intoxicated with a liquor prepared from corn; his words are:—“*Est et Occidentis populus sua ebrietas, frugis mudi*,”—lib. xiv.

spicuous figure in the picture, which was rendered complete by the thousand "subject hills," of all sizes and forms, that rise around them. Descending, we entered a deep dell, plentifully clothed with wood, and having a river, called Felyn Rhyd, (*Yellow Ford*,) at the bottom. A short time after we left this dell, we arrived at the Vale of Festiniog, where we wandered leisurely along, contemplating the beauty of the scene before us:—

"Lured by the love of nature's vernal charms,
I rove—delighted—lost to all beside;
E'en Fancy's fire no more my bosom warms,
And fled each thought to reason's power allied.

Exterior beauties crowd upon my soul,
Rouse her to joy, and all her powers controul!"

There are few vales in this, or any other country, that afford such lovely prospects as this. Noble mountains, thickly mantled with wood, rise on every side, and the river Dwy Rhyd, (*Two Fords*,) meanders placidly along on one side, fertilizing the meads through which it passes, with constant verdure. The neat chapel and cottages of Maentwrg occupy the centre, and Tan-y-bwlch Hall, the seat of Mr. Oakly, the extremity. This is not a romantic vale, but simply elegant; and presents charms to the admirer of nature in her most chaste and delicate attire. The hedge-rows and walls, with trees scattered along them, have a pleasing and cheerful effect; while the thick woods, on the north side, soften very beautifully, what would otherwise be a bleak and dreary feature in the landscape. "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books," writes Lord Lyttleton, to his friend, Mr. Bower, "one might pass an age in this vale, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and settle at Festiniog. Not long ago, there died in that neighbourhood an honest Welsh farmer, who was one hundred and five years of age. By his first wife he had *thirty* children, *ten* by his second, and *four* by his third: his youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest, and *eight hundred* persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral!—Mr. Bingley, from whom I have the above fact, relates another instance of age and fecundity in this vale; which, though far short of the above in point of numbers, is sufficiently great to prove the salubrity of the place:—Jane Price, who died in the year 1694, had, at the time of her death, *twelve* children, *forty-seven* grandchildren, and *thirteen* great-grandchildren."

Having feasted, almost to satiety, on this delicious landscape, we followed the road in its ascent over the mountain, which forms the northern boundary of the vale, and arrived at the comfortable inn of Tan-y-bwlch, where we dined, and rested a-while from the fatigue, a ride of ten miles, in the wildest tracts of Merionethshire, had occasioned. On our return to Harlech, we turned out of the road to

the right, to view two waterfalls of the river Cynfael: they are not so magnificent as those near Dolgelly, but the scenery is very beautiful. A short distance below the falls, we were shown a large columnar rock, situated in the bed of the river:—

"The wizard's seat,
Rough, broken, bare, shunn'd by the simple swain,
Whose fancy, darken'd by his native scenes,
Creates wild images, and phantoms dire,
Strange as their hills, and gloomily as their storms."

This rock is called Pulpit Hugh Lloyd, from a supposed magician of that name, who, according to tradition, used to deliver his nightly incantations from this place; "a place," says Pennant, "fit, indeed, as the pit of Acheron." In Hugh's time, it was shunned, after night-fall, by the peasantry, who preferred a walk of some miles in extent, to the chance of encountering the *wizard* in his *pulpit*. Hugh Lloyd, by the way, was no insignificant person in his day; he possessed abilities far above his situation in life, and to a mind naturally vigorous and intelligent, he added a bold and enterprising spirit. Hence, and from his knowledge, so superior to that of the simple beings among whom he resided, he was looked upon as a very extraordinary person, as something more than mortal. The following anecdote and short sketch of his life is related by Mr. Bingley:—"When he was a young man, he made a stone seat, to place at the door of his house; and his wife's sister was the first who sat upon it. 'Molly,' said he, 'You have first sat upon this bench, and you must pay me three kisses for it.' The demand was satisfied. Some time afterwards, his wife died, and he went to London, leaving his sister-in-law, then married, and her husband. He enlisted into the Parliament forces, where he soon obtained a commission; and he was in the army of General Monk, at the Restoration of Charles II. After having been from home many years, and at length growing old, he returned to his native country. Arriving at his house one fine summer's evening, he saw his sister in law, her husband, and children, (all now grown up,) sitting on the same stone bench, eating flummery and milk. He asked them, in English, if they would give him a night's lodging, but none of them knew a word of this language. They, however, conjectured what he wanted, and showed him a bed, (the best in the cottage,) and asked him to partake of their fare before he retired to rest. This he did; and being satisfied with his hospitable reception, addressed them in the following extempore stanza:—

"Yn Ffrainc y mae gwin yn ffrith: yn Llundain
Mae Uwnder cynlliaeth;
Yn Holand' menyh helaeth;
Y Nghymru, Uymry a llaeth."

"For wines delicious mighty France is prais'd,
And various dainties are for London rais'd,

With butter Holland half the world supplies,
But milk and flummery * more than all I prize."

"What! you are a Welshman, my good friend?" exclaimed his sister; "Yes," he replied, "I am; it is many years since I had three kisses from the girl who sat first on this bench!" He was immediately recognized with the utmost joy. He then took out of his pocket a large purse filled with gold, and, throwing it in her lap, "Here," said he, "take this as a reward for your hospitality to the old English stranger, who is now more than fourscore years of age; he requires for it nothing more than a bed every night, and flummery and milk every day while he lives." From this time, it is said, that he resided with them till his death, which did not happen till some years afterwards."

Our visitors begin to depart, and we shall soon be deserted by them all; the weather is now too cold for any more excursions; I shall, therefore, take possession of my cottage as soon as possible. I shall reserve the places I have not yet visited, till the spring, when, as I have experienced so much gratification from the scenery and antiquities of Merionethshire, I have some intention of extending my peregrinations to the neighbouring county of Caernarvon. Your's, &c.

ARREST OF M. GOURGAULT.

THE unqualified infamy of the Morning Chronicle has received no increase from the atrocious libel inserted in its pages on Monday, purporting to be an account of the arrest of M. Gourgault. The irritation and barefaced falsehood which has marked that paper ever since the arrival of the news of the St. Helena plot, and on the subject of Surgeon O'Meara, are even nothing more than usual in the daily exercise of its worthy calling. The Morning Chronicle is the constant and regular tool—the lacquey-de-place—of any and every foreign knave or ruffian, and of every foreign interest. There is nothing *British* in its whole contexture; and it is among the pre-eminent disgraces of the "Lords and Gentlemen who compose the Opposition in Parliament," that they suffer their cause to be identified with that of the scoundrel, revolutionary, and traitorous print in question. The Morning Chronicle, we repeat it, is altogether *foreign*, and, as the tool of interests foreign and hostile to those of this country, it is traitorous. There is a marked and very unfavourable distinction to be made, under this aspect, between the Morning Chronicle and the host of ignorant and malignant publications that belong to our *domestic* jacobinism. Those publications, if they are ignorant and ma-

* Flummery is a very common food among the Welsh peasantry; it is made of flour, or oatmeal and water, rendered solid by heat; and is eaten with milk.

lignant, are still *British*—they have in view the interests or the desires of some class of British subjects, however much they may be at variance with the real interests of the nation, and with the desires of the wise and good among us;—but the *Morning Chronicle* is altogether *foreign*. We have, in the metropolis, a daily paper entitled *The British Press*:—the appropriate title of the *Morning Chronicle* would be *The Foreign Press*.

The *Morning Chronicle* is *revolutionary*. It always strikes us, from the result of a daily perusal, as that unhappy or unprincipled servant, who *serves two masters*. Its labours are given, on the one hand, to the “Lords and Gentlemen who compose the Opposition in Parliament;” and those Lords and Gentlemen must be presumed to be fools enough not to see, that it works with still more industry, and much more *con amore*, to overturn the whole British constitution, as well as the whole national independence, and to render them “Lords and Gentlemen” no longer! What will become of the “Lords and Gentlemen” when the *Morning Chronicle* shall have written down the cause of *legitimacy*? On what does the whole British constitution—on what does the whole fabric of British society—rest, if not on *legitimacy*?

THE MINSTREL OF BRUGES.

(Continued from No. 33, page 520.)

PART SECOND.

HAPPY were the pilgrims of good old times, who, when worn down with fatigue and hunger, on discovering the towers of a monastery, entered instantly its gates, and were received as part of the family. It is said, that great changes have since happened, and that convents are not now so charitably inclined; this may, perhaps, be caused by pilgrims not being so worthy and good as in old times.

However this may be, our Minstrel met with a favourable reception; for the Lord Abbot, having noticed the company from his narrow painted window, descended the stair-case, and met at the bottom of it his nephew. He, the young Cambresian, had the honour so to be. He presented to his uncle his vagabond companions, who were conducted by the steward into the hall for the reception of guests, and instantly served with a dinner, during which the minstrel never said a word; but, by degrees, as his hunger was satisfied, and the wine raised his spirits, he began to talk away, as usual, at all rates.

“Sir minstrel,” said the Cambresian, “with the permission of madam, have the goodness to continue your history, which is very interesting, and will certainly afford pleasure to the steward, who has taken such good care of you.”

“I will cheerfully comply,” answered the minstrel, “but I forget where I left off.”—“You were,” replied the Cambresian, “in the act of swelling your pipes at Toledo.”

“Good,” said the minstrel, “you have heard nothing as yet. I was forced to quit Toledo, like as I had quitted many other towns, without finding myself the richer. I went thence to Madrid, where novelty gave me a good reception. All the capitals of the world afford great resources to every new comer in the folly of their inhabitants. At this time I was followed at Madrid, as so many others had been, who possessed no greater talents than myself. A slight quarrel arose, however, in our own family: my wife accused me of poisoning her,—I, who never had courage to poison a rat,—was it probable that I should attempt such a thing? I was, nevertheless, thought guilty, arrested, and thrown into prison, where I languished for six months. A thousand captious questions were put to me, to make me own myself guilty of so horrid a crime; but, when they were perfectly convinced that I had not sense enough to do such an act, I was restored to my liberty.

“I instantly hurried to my lodgings, whence I had been taken to have the honour of being made the inhabitant of a royal mansion, eager to embrace my wife and these three children: but, sir, my wife was not there; for she had found means to interest in her behalf an officer of the holy inquisition, and, if she pleases, she can tell you more on that head than I can. All that I know is, that she was an inmate of his house when I left prison. I hastened thither, and found her with that officer, who turned pale at sight of me; but, without noticing his paleness, I embraced my wife with tenderness, and without anger, which the more astonished the alguazil. She burst into a loud fit of laughter; her friend followed her example; and I also joined in the laugh. These good people were very kind, to have me imprisoned for such a trifle.

“This connexion was lucky; for the officer of the holy inquisition took charge of my wife; so that I had one mouth the less to fill, and only these three brats to maintain. My pipes began to bring in a tolerable revenue, as there were, at that time, at Madrid, some very pretty romances, which I played moderately well, and not a night passed without my being called upon to give a serenade. In the evenings, I went to the Prado, where I was eagerly sought after, sometimes by a duenna, sometimes by a lord of the court, knights of the order of Calatrava, members of the council of Castile; at other times, by ladies of easy virtue, who are as common at Madrid as in other countries.

“Sir, I witnessed daily all the tender and most irritable passions in action, during my walks up and down the allies of the Prado:—gallants puffing themselves out like frogs, or like my bagpipe, to give themselves the appearance of the most desperate lovers. I joined in sentiment with all that employed me, or rather I acted my part after the example of others, and my pockets were consequently well filled. But I must tell you, sir, an adventure that happened to me on the

Prado. I had formed an arrangement with a little poet, from Andalusia, whom I ordered to write verses, as I would order a coat from a tailor. One evening, as we were on the Prado, a man, whom I took at least for a grandee of Spain, although the obscurity prevented me from observing his features, called out to me, with a deep and commanding voice, ‘minstrel, compose and play me instantly a romance.’—‘Very willingly, my lord,’ replied I; ‘on what subject do you wish it?’—‘On a blockhead of a husband, who is forced to sing the praises of another, who plays his part in regard to his wife.’ I pressed my little Andalusian to make haste with the words, and, as he repeated them to me, I adapted a proper tune to them. I wish I could now remember them, sir, for they were very fine, and I would sing them to you with my own accompaniment. When I executed them to my noble patron, and the handsome lady that was with him in an unfrequented part of the walks; they were so greatly delighted, they were almost suffocated with laughing. Shall you be able to guess who this brilliant couple were? Ask the lady here, for it was herself, well wrapped up in her veil, with the officer of the sacred troop, her favourite and my substitute, who had dressed himself up in the clothes of some major-domo. It was these two honest creatures who were playing me this trick; however, they paid me as generously as those would have done whose clothes they wore, and this was some consolation to me.”

The minstrel was thus far advanced in his history, when the bell rang for prayers, to the great disappointment of the steward, who, for the last quarter of an hour, had crammed his napkin into his mouth to prevent himself from laughing out loud. He had reason to be sorry to leave it thus half untold, for the history increased in interest.

“My wife,” continued the ingenuous musician, “grew tired of her friend, or he grew tired of her; I know not which, in this respect, had the advantage; but, one fine morning, madam paid me a visit, when I least expected it, and said that she was returned to live with me. ‘Madam,’ said I, ‘you do me a great deal of honour.’ From that time my house had all the character belonging to a musician; for, whilst I was attempting to play some new romances with my Andalusian, she was making a variety of noises; distributing, with an ease that I never saw equalled by any one, a box on the ear to her daughter, kicks on the breech to her sons, breaking and throwing down the furniture, and a variety of other elegant deeds that I suppress. Our neighbours thought our household somewhat too noisy, and made such complaints as forced us to dislodge. None would admit us into their houses from our bad reputation, so that we were forced to sleep under gateways, or on benches before the doors, and the wicked children of the town called us the benchers of Madrid.

“Ah, sir! I was undeserving of this

contempt; for I had, in truth, collected a handsome purse during my widowhood; but my wife, on her return, took possession of it as the seal of our reconciliation, and in less than six weeks it was all dissipated. To add to my misfortune, we were the public laughing stock at Madrid. Convinced that no artist ought to remain long in any town where the public take such license in regard to him, I packed up my alls, and set out for Grenada. I had been told that the Abencerragoes were as great admirers of music as of the fair sex and tournaments. A desire to be the Orpheus of some of these gallant Moors had determined me to undertake the journey. But, sir, I was in no imposing equipage when I made my entry into Grenada; and my fate was like that of Homer, who was forced to ask alms by holding out the same hands that have transmitted to us his immortal poems. Poverty only excites pity, which rather borders on contempt; and although alms be given to a poor person, the giver scarcely ever supposes him to have any merit; for to gain even the appearance of abilities, a man must be as well dressed at Grenada as any where else. I was almost naked; my wife had no longer those charms that won the affections of the officer of the holy office; our two brats were in a state of nature; and my Andalusian poet, who was in such vogue at Madrid, seemed a blockhead at Grenada. In a word, this great theatre was too brilliant for us.

"Despised by the Abencerragoes, guess how low I was sunk in my own mind, sir, and what steps I took? You have heard of the Zegrís, the second faction at Grenada, and know that these proud Zegrís despise all knowledge in literature, the fine arts, or in music. It was to one of these, however, that I was forced to attach myself; but, just Heavens! in what a situation! Alas! one day, almost sinking through hunger and thirst, I was leaning against a wall, when a Zegrís, passing by, noticed me, and said, 'Thou sufferest: I have compassion on thee; follow me.' I did so, and he conducted me to his stable, when, pointing to two Arabian horses, and six Andalusian mares, he said: 'Lay aside thy pipes, which will make thee starve, and dress my horses, which will afford thee a sustenance.'

"Judge, sir, of my surprise and humiliation at these words. Fallen from all my flattering hopes, and turned into a groom! Another more afflicting thought crossed my mind, that I could not even fulfil this vile employment; for I had never bridled an ass, and, moreover, my master seemed to be the most impatient of all the Zegrís. What was to be done? It is said that man accustoms himself to any thing; I had, nevertheless, the utmost difficulty to become a jockey.

"I had for subaltern-master a groom, called Ismael Sabaoth, who was assuredly the most discourteous and most disagreeable Saracen of all Grenada. Imagine, sir, a pigmy in shape, a giant in head, a

mole in the smallness of his eyes, a goat in beard, an Ethiopian in colour,—a very hobgoblin, who would have frightened a Cæsar in the night-time. Add to this, a fox in cunning, wicked as a monkey, and brutal as a hound. This animal, however, was the lover of the wife of the Zegrís; you may judge, therefore, of the good taste of the lady, and of the comforts that awaited me.

"This wretch would fancy, that, without ever having served an apprenticeship, I was as well acquainted as himself in the business of the stable. He was incessantly scolding; but, not content with that, he beat me. It was necessary that I should always have the currycomb in my hand, and be mounted on base villainous beasts, which were constantly prancing, and seemed to take delight in throwing me sometimes on the dunghill, at others, in the cess-pool, although I hung on as long as I could by their manes. On my return to the stable, without ever giving me a minute to wipe and clean myself, I was forced to measure out oats, cut down hay, spread straw, which brought on quarrels with the purveyor. I was then sent to collect herbs, and to select the most proper to purge my animals, who enjoyed far better health than I did.

"It was with the utmost difficulty that, in the course of a week, I could steal a single quarter of an hour to myself for repose. This I constantly employed in the keeping up my knowledge in my original profession, and with inconceivable pleasure swelled my pipes with the most harmonious tones. I cannot, however, flatter myself that I produced the same effect in taming my animals as my predecessor, Orpheus, experienced with tigers and lions. On the contrary, my barbarous beasts accompanied me with their heels, and made several desperate attempts to kick me.

"One day, while thus playing, and my horses capering like mad things, Sabaoth entered the stable, and having gone too near one of the Arabians, he received a severe kick on the belly. Sabaoth roared loud enough to wake the dead, and his cries brought all the stable boys around him. He accused me of having played him this trick in revenge for the many thrashings he had given me. I can assure you, sir, that such a wicked thought never entered my mind; but, notwithstanding my innocence and my protestations, the whole Mahometan race fell upon my Christianity, and overpowered me with blows. I was driven from the stables without their giving me a real, and it was with difficulty I was permitted to carry away my pipes.

"I searched through the whole town of Grenada for my wife and children, and for my Andalusian, and collected them as well as I could, all except the latter, whom I never saw more. They had suffered as many miseries as myself, and having compared them together, we set off with sorrow for the kingdom of Murcia. I addressed myself to the company

of whom I was again become the head: 'A truce to sighing, children; let us assist each other, and gayly too; for cheerfulness is, above all, most necessary when in misery. It is useless to the opulent, and that is the reason why they possess so little of it. Here is my faithful bagpipe, my dear patrimony, and our constant resource against all the calamities of this life.'

"My wife answered me rather uncivilly: 'Assuredly that must be a grand resource, which has raised you to the eminent rank of a stable boy, and reduced us to beggary. Find some other profession, for this is worn out.' Providence, sir, has formed me of very gentle clay. To soften my wife's temper, I replied, 'If you think that my pipes cannot gain enough for our subsistence, you have only to speak, madam, and I will turn physician.' My proposal pleased her: music leads to beggary, and physic to wealth.

"I became then a doctor of physic, and established myself in Murcia, where, by dint of killing, I learned how to cure, and was in great vogue. I was consulted by all, ten leagues round; my house began to fill, my wife to smile, and my lot was more fortunate than that of many of the most celebrated doctors of Salamanca. You shall judge, by the following fact, how great my reputation must have been:

"One day, this same Zegrís, my late master at Grenada passed through Murcia as commander-in-chief of the army that was marching against the Castilians. He was suddenly taken ill, and on his inquiring for a physician, every voice united in recommending me as the most able doctor in Christendom. In the honour of attending him, I cured him in eight days, at the end of which I called on him to take my leave. During his convalescence he had fixed his eyes on me with attention and embarrassment, and when I was going away, he said, on giving me more money than my pipes had ever brought me since I had first played upon them, 'Doctor, I think I have seen you somewhere before, but cannot recollect where.' At these words, I gave myself up for an undone man, and threw myself at his feet. 'You have been in my service,' continued he, 'but I cannot remember in what capacity.' 'As your groom, my lord,' replied I, striking my sides to gain more assurance; 'excuse me, and condescend to hear me. Honest Sabaoth, your renowned head groom, while he leathered me with a thong, had, at the same time, the charity to teach me somewhat of horse botany: from a horse to a man, my lord, there is no great stride, and I thought that what was good for one could not do much harm to the other. I applied, therefore, to mankind, I applied to your lordship's self, what I used to administer in your stables to your Arabians, stallions, and Andalusian horses, and you see yourself, that I have been perfectly right.' 'Wonderfully so,' said the Zegrís, laughing; 'and I am now no longer surprised at the

infernal strength of your medicines.' 'Your lordship judges right; they were to kill or cure you,—for it is the same as to physic and as to morality; we should be firm in both,—this is my manner.'

"He left the town, and I pocketed his money. I soon became rich and unfortunate, as is too frequently the case in this vale of misery." The minstrel here made a pause, and said to the Cambresian, "I know not well whether I should continue my story or not; I am gay at present, and I shall become melancholy."

The Cambresian insisted on his going on, and the old man thought himself bound to obey him.

(To be continued.)

HALF-CASTS OF INDIA AND BRITISH COLOURED COLONIES, &c.

MR. KENDALL'S views for the relief of the Half-Casts of India belong, as we have before intimated, to a general system of improvement for all the subjects of the empire. The immediate occasion of Mr. K.'s writing appears to have been the signal distresses of the labouring classes in the winter of 1816; and his plans of public benefit embrace the two considerations of immediate assistance under the existing affliction, and permanent amelioration of the general state of the national industry, the only means of national subsistence. For these ends he desired—

1. Prompt public charitable aid.
2. Colonization and emigration, for reducing the number of labourers to a nearer level with the actual demand for labour; and
3. Free Drawing-Schools, as an invaluable addition to the present range of common education, as a means of increasing the capacity and occasions for labour, the true means of subsistence, and true source of population.

1. On the subject of prompt, public, charitable aid, Mr. K. had previously suggested anonymously, in a periodical publication, the propriety of advancing a large sum of money (that is, a large amount in government securities) to alleviate the sufferings of the moment:—

"Relief," says Mr. K., "prompt charitable relief—relief, and not politics—is what is wanted. Relief, and not employment—because the employment cannot be had in sufficient abundance and sufficient magnitude. Find all you can—look about without ceasing—encourage industry as much as possible—but the labourer must not starve in the mean time. That the employment—the new and extra employment required by the times is difficult to find, is evident from the absolute nothingness of many,

and the extreme absurdity of some, of the well-designed schemes proposed. But find all you can—let no local nor national resource be neglected;—but, in the mean time, give money—give bread.

That which was needful—that which would have been just and wise, we suspected to be this; that *His Majesty's Government should issue a very large amount of money, in aid of parochial relief, in all parts of the kingdom where parochial relief is practised, and in aid of all other local modes of relief, where parochial relief has not the force of law.* Its distribution should have been managed by the Home Secretary, between whom a correspondence should have subsisted with the Lords Lieutenants of counties, these corresponding with the inferior magistrates, &c. Right or wrong, we supposed six millions sterling required, or cent. per cent. on the poor's-rates. The issue might have been in exchequer-bills, and these might have been met by a loan. Ministers might have done it on their responsibility, or assembled Parliament for its sanction—the only mode in which Parliament, then or now, could or can beneficially interfere. We suspected that this would have been wise then, and we suspect that it would be wise now. The worst part of the winter, for the poor, is yet to come—the month of February.

"We have not concealed from ourselves that the money so distributed must be raised by taxes—and that a new loan of six millions might have some financial inconveniences. We think, however, that the circumstances may be such as to justify our meeting the difficulties. The plan has lately been adopted, on a small scale. Five thousand pounds have been given to Spital Fields, as we would give six millions (if needful) to the kingdom. The five thousand must be made good by taxes.

"If it should be said that to give money in aid of the poor's-rates is only to relieve the upper classes—those by whom the rates are paid,—it will be enough to reply, that many of those who pay the rates are themselves in the most pressing need of relief—of that relief, therefore, which they would thus silently receive; and that with respect to the rest, the money granted to the poor being to be raised by taxes, these and all would at last be the real contributors. The part to be performed by government would be merely that of directing the machinery, not of producing the material; it would only give a motion to the frame of society, by means of which the great and desired work would be accomplished*."

In the session of Parliament which followed this publication, Mr. K. had the satisfaction to see his principle adopted and reduced to practice; the Chancellor of the Exchequer having

proposed to and obtained from the House of Commons a grant of *three millions*, in Exchequer Bills, for the assistance of the poor. We do not despair of seeing the other suggestions of Mr. K. received as equally tangible.

2. On the subjects of Colonization and Emigration, Mr. K., in the publication before us, commences with the following observations, designed, in part, to refute the frightful system of Malthus:—

"I. All the plans that are usually offered for the relief of that poverty which is the constant disease of society, and of which, at this moment, there is so loud a complaint, proceed upon the principle, that it is the *material* of subsistence, which is *food*, that is wanted, instead of that which is the real necessity, namely, the *means* of subsistence, which is *LABOUR*.

"II. The earth teems with the *material* of subsistence. Its spontaneous produce alone, exceeds, by many millions of times, all that the whole of all mankind is capable of consuming. The incalculable amount of human food which annually perishes unconsumed is within the sphere of the most limited knowledge and observation. We cannot enter our fields and gardens without witnessing the annual excess of produce beyond consumption. If our inquiries are extended a little further, we find the land, the water, the air, every where filled with food. The surface is covered with herbs, and fruits, and grain; beneath it is a profusion of roots; the turf is worn bare with the track of beasts; the sky is darkened with winged animals; the sea swarms with fish, of which the shoals obstruct the progress of boats and ships; which the waves throw in heaps upon the shores; of which the multitudes weary the industry of the fisherman; which are destroyed in wantonness; which are spread upon the soil for its manure; which, within a few miles of our own vast and craving metropolis, are returned, in contempt, into the waters from which they have been taken. This is the wild, the spontaneous produce of the earth; the first earnest of the Creator's provision for his creatures; itself a table at which all the nations of the world are guests too few to feed.

"III. If, to this amazing sum of natural supply, we join what art is permitted to add, the amount increases beyond all assignable limit. It has been estimated that the soil of England alone is capable of yielding food for four hundred millions of men*. It is in vain to enter into such a calculation. If it be true that this product is possible, it only follows that the amount will admit of any further extension. The earth has no bounds to its gifts; they are determined only by those of the skill, the means, and the industry,

* An extreme calculation of this kind was printed a short time since in the Monthly Magazine.

with which they are sought. More skill, more means, more labour, will add, again and again, to any amount that can be named.

"IV. We are still but mid-way in the perspective. We have reckoned only the wild productions of the earth, and the results of art and industry, operating upon the treasures of its bosom. We have, thus far, said nothing of commerce; while, in point of fact, the subsistence of a civilized and commercial country, the food, the raiment, and every other want of its people, are wholly independent, both on its natural produce, and on its herdsmen and cultivators. Its foreign traffic alone, calling to its aid the productions, the arts, and the industry of all climates, offers every supply; and the only care of the wise legislator is to save domestic industry from perishing in the competition. The merchant is always at hand, to fill up every deficiency of the farmer, as well as of the manufacturer; and the strong arm of the nation is even necessary to prevent him from superseding the demand for the labour of both. There is no quantity of food which is not obtainable by importation.

"V. It is in the face of this array of facts, so undoubted that there might seem to be required an apology for adverting to them, that political philosophers are continually employed in speculations on the means of *reducing consumption*, instead of those of *increasing labour*. Ancient and modern barbarism are agreed in their fears of the multiplication of mankind. Plato recommended a general massacre of the children of the poor; Greece partially practised it; China does so at this day; writers in our own country dwell with satisfaction on celibacy, and would forbid the early marriages of the poor: a philanthropist at Hamburgh echoes the frightful proposition, and the laws of some states incline to its adoption. Wars are hailed as interpositions of heaven, to save the world from being overstocked with the species, and from the scourges, more terrible than themselves, of cannibalism and famine. The triumphs of the healing art, the small-pox inoculation, the hope of exterminating the plague, and, more than all, the discovery of Jenner, by promising an increase of the species, fill benevolent minds with despair. Their good wishes are given to those in existence; but they are forbidden to indulge in the large desire of a boundless increase of human life!

"VI. The accumulated mistakes which are involved in these opinions should fill us with wonder. It is an argument, as in conduct, *quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*; and a theorist, when he has arrived at conclusions like those which have been cited, may excusably raise his hand to his forehead, and ask himself whether his senses remain with him. At the least, he should, in the words of the poet, 'suspect himself a fool,' or, what is as common, that he is befooled by his own logic. There is no foundation for poli-

tics, nor for laws, but in Nature; Nature is always in the right, if we can but understand her; and when man finds himself brought to that which contradicts her, he should make himself sure that he has missed his road. Like boys with their slates, he should rub out all his figures, and begin over again."

Mr. K. then proceeds to recommend Colonization and Emigration. With respect to *emigration generally*, it is to be observed, that the author expresses less dissatisfaction, than is usual among persons of his general way of thinking, at emigration to the United States of America. His principles, on this point, are, 1. That the United States are at this day no other than *Independent British Colonies*; and, 2. That the population of North America is one thing, and the aggrandizement of the United States another; that the first is an unqualified benefit to Great Britain, and that the second will not follow as a consequence, except through the fault of His Majesty's government*.

3. Coming, thirdly, to the subject of Coloured Colonies, Mr. K. begins:—

"I. Every principle hitherto asserted, in concurrence with others not less important, recommends a Colonial undertaking, on the part of this kingdom, of a new and peculiar description. The objects treated of in the foregoing pages have been chiefly offered to the regard of individual patriotism and benevolence; but those which are now to be touched upon can be pursued only by the nation, in its collective capacity, and can be accomplished only as the work of His Majesty's Government.

"II. In the British possessions in the East and West Indies respectively, numerous populations have sprung up, the offspring of English fathers on the one side, and of Indians or African mothers on the other. In India, the individuals composing this mixed population are known, however barbarously, by the name of Half-Casts, and, in the West Indies, by that of Mulattoes; and both may be comprehended under the general appellation, now in use in the West Indies, of Persons of Colour.

"III. A writer before quoted, has offered an estimate, on the accuracy of which, perhaps, no sufficient reliance is to be placed, of the number of Persons of Colour in all the settlements in the West Indies†; but the number of those in the British settlements only is known to be of a magnitude sufficient to claim even political attention. Of the Half-Casts of

India, a recent traveller in Bengal expresses himself as follows:—"Concubinage is so generally practised in India by Europeans, and, at the same time, so tacitly sanctioned by married families, who scruple not to visit at the house of a bachelor that retains a native mistress, that, when setting aside the married men, I calculate three parts of the remainder as retaining concubines, I fancy I shall be only confining myself within the strictest bounds of truth and moderation. Did I again venture to hint, that on an average, half of these are fathers of two children, it would be far from an exaggeration; and a tolerably just idea may thus be formed of the vast and increasing number of Demi-Bengalees, as the offspring of such connections are ludicrously termed*."

"IV. The situation of these Persons of Colour, both in the East and West Indies, has every claim, alike to commiseration and to precaution. Their moral degradation, on the one hand, and their social and political degradation on the other, equally call for the compassion of the philanthropist, and for the prudence of the statesman. A proportion are the children of affluent fathers, and experience in their childhood every advantage which wealth and paternal affection can bestow; another proportion are the children of poor and distressed persons, and their infancy is passed in ignorance and neglect; and when both these classes have arrived at adult age, it is hard to say which is the most to be pitied. The males are shut out from almost every employment, and the females have but one, and that an established resource, in concubinage. Every account speaks of their faults:—"Characterized," says the writer just quoted, in describing those of India, 'by all the vices and gross prejudices of the Natives†, but devoid of their pusillanimity; by all the faults and failings of the European character, without its candour, sincerity, and probity; a heterogeneous set; some by Hindoo, others by Mahometan or Malay mothers; a body which has neither riches, honour, nor any advantage.' The moral picture of the Persons of Colour of the West Indies is commonly drawn with shades equally dark; of their intellectual attainments even their warmest partizans are so little able to speak with respect, that they give up the majority as unfit, in their present condition, for any better station than they already fill; and of their religious pretensions, nothing more satisfactory is to be said, divided, as in too large a degree they are, between a total absence of religious instruction, and the inroads of an irrational and mischievous fanaticism. In India, the following melancholy recital has been given in an authentic form at Bombay:—"Bombay, besides the upper classes of Europeans, contains a number of European soldiers, many pensioners of the

* An explanation of the author's doctrine on this subject is promised, in a separate publication, to be entitled, "An Inquiry into the Resources of the United States of America, Present and Prospective, &c."

† De Pradt's Colonies, chap. xii.

* Sketches of India. svo. Page 164.

† "Though born in the country, the distinction is so expressed."

Company's military and marine services, several marines, and others connected with the country service, and a considerable proportion of the children of all these, some by European, and others by native mothers. We may remark how few of these children have risen to fill any respectable or decent situation. Their parents are generally ignorant, have many of them been driven to the country by their crimes or vices, and, in general, have contracted evil propensities, especially an excessive fondness for intoxicating spirits, so that they have neither inclination nor means to pay the expense of their children's education. The distance from the Fort, at which most of them reside, would prevent them from availing themselves effectually of the means of daily instruction from the charity school, even if they were better inclined than they are to avail themselves of it. It is melancholy to observe the early habits of intoxication, and of low profligacy, exhibited by mere boys of this class. To disperse the Scriptures among these men is doing little, unless they be taught also to read and understand them. A little reflection will, perhaps, convince any one, that the earliest religious impressions made on young minds, are those which are made in the bosom of their families, and from the mouth of a mother. But the feelings of respect and reverence with which the warm infant mind turns to the instructions of a parent can have no place here. The mother is often of no religion, and seldom has any means of bestowing an acquaintance with even the first and plainest truth of religion. She is often profligate, and more likely to corrupt than improve those who are near her. There are instances of such mothers breeding up their children as Mahometans, and others may be considered as devoting them from their earliest years to prostitution. Some of them become Roman Catholics; few, indeed, become respectable members of society. It is plain, that it is not mere preaching that is to correct these evils. To bestow copies on such persons is often little less than a mockery of their condition; a different remedy is to be sought.* The foregoing observations apply more particularly to the lower ranks of Indian society, but they are also more or less characteristic of the upper. Even on the score of poverty, the evil is not limited. The traveller in Bengal, above quoted, while he points out the practical causes which unavoidably lead to the connections formed between Englishmen and the native women, speaks of the 'results which generally prove so unfortunate to his countrymen.' These connections, he tells us, usually commence when the young men first enter the country. 'It is at this period,' he adds, 'when the

* "See a Letter addressed to the Rt. Hon. Sir Evan Nepean.—Appendix to the Report of the Bombay Auxiliary Bible Society for 1815."

heart dances to the song of hope," that attachments are formed; attachments which, in spite of the small expenses to matrimonial establishments in India, 'in a few short years entail children, debt, and ruin, on the infatuated youth.*' While the fathers are thus circumstanced, what must be the condition of the children, who add, to the frowns of fortune, the disadvantage of colour?"

"V. The source of all this suffering of the British Coloured populations is in the exclusions under which, in either India, they are condemned to subsist; suffering which calls aloud for compassion: exclusions which imperiously demand a remedy; but to which we shall be mistaken if we suppose that any local assistance can properly be given. Nothing admits of being changed; every thing must remain what it is, in the East and the West Indies. We have seen that these exclusions are in part the effect of laws: but we have seen also, that even if the laws could be altered, there is a public opinion, a public feeling, paramount to the laws, which must continue as before. But the laws cannot be altered. Local feeling has little to do with the matter; it is not feeling that stands in the way; but it is not even local interests alone that are at stake; it is the interests of the empire; and were the local legislatures, (as to the West Indies,) or the East India Company, (as to the East Indies,) by any new acts or regulations, materially to relax in their respective systems, there is no occasion on which it would be more plainly the duty of the Crown to apply its negative. The truth is, that the Coloured populations compose, both in the East and West Indies, intermediate classes, between the White and Black, which cannot, with propriety, be amalgamated with either of the latter. *These people have, in reality, no home nor no business in the very countries in which they were born.* It cannot be the policy of the state to encourage, in either of its dependencies of the East or West Indies, the growth of a Coloured population, either as to numbers, wealth, or political weight. The interests of the parent state, and the interests of the White colonists of these dependencies, are in the strictest unison. Those dependencies are to be White dependencies; and it is only by a system of exclusion of the Coloured population that they can be kept such."

"As to the policy of the question, the local and the national policy is, to preserve the East and West Indies as White dependencies; a policy incompatible with the prosperity of the Coloured Populations. White dependencies they have been constituted, and White they must continue, or must cease to be; and, to this end, all the restraints and exclusions, hard as they seem, and hard as they are, are necessary, and no more than necessary. Nay, in that highly artificial state of society which the East and West In-

* "Sketches of India, p. 166."

dies present, these exclusions, as has been represented, and, as might be shown at much greater length, are not only essential points of local and national policy, but are even the most conducive to morals. Further, the exclusions, as before suggested, are far from being wholly dependent upon law or policy. They spring, in no inconsiderable degree, from the natural prejudices which subsist between persons of different complexions, and from various causes, unavoidably associated in those societies, with respect to colours. In fact, the three complexions, White, Black, and Coloured, which, under different names, and with some variety of circumstance, subsist in the East and West Indies, are distinctions which laws can neither wholly create nor overcome. The sexes intermix, and accidents may soften the repugnance of individuals toward each other; but the aggregate separation must remain."

After proposing, then, his Coloured Colonies, in the terms cited in our preceding number, Mr. K. adds:—

"We have already formed one Colony (that of Sierra Leone, just mentioned,) from *moral*, rather than commercial or political views; let us now found at least two others, from views at once *moral*, commercial, and political. As to the political view, let us borrow, again, one or two suggestions of wisdom, from a celebrated living statesman of France:—'From all that is here advanced,' says he, 'it follows, that every consideration urges us to establish New Colonies;—the example of the wisest nations, *who have made them one of the greatest means of their tranquillity*—and the pleasure of being able to attach to such enterprises so many restless men, who have need of objects—so many unfortunate men, who have need of hopes*!' Two parties are plainly interested in this political view: the first, the Mother Country, which desires the safety of her Colonies; and the second, those Colonies which have overflowing Free Coloured Populations, and which necessarily desire their own tranquillity. If those Colonies possess ordinary prudence, they will consider themselves, as to this object, not merely as parts of a state, but as entire states within themselves; and they will apply those maxims of Colonization, which have for their aim the internal tranquillity of states, to their own case, and both earnestly intreat from His Majesty's Government the adoption of such a plan as that which is here offered, and also co-operate, by every means in their power, for its success."

"XXII. The *moral* tendency of the Colonies proposed cannot be least incontrovertible of the propositions here advanced. In the Coloured Colonies, useful and respectable members of society will be raised out of a degraded class of persons; indolence will be awakened by the pros-

* "Essai, &c. Par M. de Talleyrand."

pect of advantageous industry; low and idle propensities will be repressed by the opportunities for honourable ambition, and for intellectual exertion. In the Colonies from which this population is to be drawn, the diminished number of Free Coloured persons will also have the best effect on morals. Those that are left behind will rise, in their place in the scale of society, in a corresponding degree with those who depart. It will be here, as in the case suggested in the former Proposal; those who go, and those who stay, will both share in the benefits of the removal. In the White Colonies, and particularly in what relates to Coloured Females, the diminution of the concubinage complained of, and consequently both will be promoted, marriage in general, and the prospects of the 'many beautiful and virtuous young ladies,' that form a part of the White inhabitants, improved. As to the Coloured females who remain, their diminished numbers will increase their individual value and importance; and they will inevitably avail themselves of that advantage, to shake off their present inconveniences. In connection with this topic, we may advert to a circumstance, which, under a moral view, affords a further political inducement for establishing the Coloured Colonies; that is, *for creating a perpetual drain on the Coloured Populations of the White Colonies.* Already, it is said, the morals of the Coloured Population betray an impulse toward a marked elevation. The education which has partially gained ground in them, has kindled an ambition for occupying a better place in the social system. In the West Indies, the Coloured Females begin to disdain a life of concubinage. Their brothers and other male relatives, it is said, in no unfrequent instances, threaten them with the loss of their countenance, if they consent to live upon other terms than marriage with White men. Marriages among the Coloured Populations increase. Now, while the moralist takes comfort from all this, let the politician take alarm. Men are formidable in society in proportion as they are virtuous. The vicious are weak. Physical force will govern the ignorant and the vicious; but virtue and information are superior to physical force. The Colonies may have their fears from an ignorant and vicious Free Coloured Population; but let them redouble their circumspection, in proportion as they see that population become informed and virtuous!"

(To be continued.)

CHARADE 1.

My first is a fish most in Lancashire seen;
My second brought Jesus from bliss;
My third is belov'd by the fair sex, I ween,
And my whole will tell you,
When there's house-work to do,
What's the menial's name that is riddled in this.

2.

First seek for a verb of auxiliary kind,
Then look for a fish, you may taste if you will,
Let a substantive, known for its weight, be
adjoin'd,
And a village appears, that is seen on a hill.

JUNIUS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

—“Where, then, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws and all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrouled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the Court have been long, and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No: they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broke through all their toils, is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? no sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the King, I own my blood ran cold; I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end of his triumphs; not that he had not asserted many truths. Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit. It was the rancour and venom with which I was struck. In these respects, the North Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment. But, while I expected, in this daring flight, his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down worse upon both houses of Parliament! Yes; he did make you * his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage: nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you; he has, and, I believe, you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity? He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigour. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his saga-

* Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House of Commons.

city, nor could promises nor threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public*.”

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EMIGRATION.

THE Sacred Scriptures, as well as profane history, give us various instances of early migration, but I believe the first specimen of emigration is to be found in Cæsar's Commentaries; that general, on his march into Gaul, having met the whole nation of the Helvetii proceeding with their wives and children they scarcely

* Woodfall's Junius.

knew whither. Cæsar naturally asked where they were bound to, the answer to which was, that they were in search of a more fertile land. Cæsar then asked how they intended to exist until they found this land of superior fertility? The reply was, that they had with them *three year's supply, saved from the last year's produce.* "Well then," said Cæsar, "surely that cannot be a bad country, which, in one year, affords three years' consumption!"

This idea was new to the Helvetian people; but they reflected on it calmly, and *marched back again.*

Now, let us address one of Mr. Birkbeck's proposed colonists—a farmer who prepares to set out for the Alleghany Mountains, with a jolly industrious wife, a family of chubby boys and girls, and 1000l. in his pocket, agreeable to the advice of Cobbett and Birkbeck. Let us ask him, "Pray, Farmer John, where did you get all these good things?" His answer will naturally be—"In England." What then must be our reply? That the country which affords all these things, cannot be a very bad country, and that Farmer John, like the Helvetii of old, had better stay at home!

It is very true, that a man may buy in America an acre of land for less than a year's rent in England. But, in England, he has a house built to his hand, with stables and barns, all repaired by his landlord. In England, he has a market within half a dozen miles of him; his children go to school *over the way*, and the blacksmith, the carpenter, aye, and the club-room, are all *next door!*

Are these things to be found in Birkbeck's Illinois paradise, or in Cobbett's peach-gardens at New York?

If not, let us remember the Helvetii.
IGNOTUS.

GENERAL MOURNING.

So long a period has elapsed since the death of a Queen of England, no less than eighty-one years, that our readers may wish to know the mourning ordered at that time, which was precisely the same as that for their Majesties George I and George II. On both these occasions, and on the death of Caroline, Queen Consort of the latter sovereign, in 1737, the mourning was as follows:—

COURT MOURNING.

The ladies to wear black bombazines*, plain muslin or long lawn linen, crape hoods, shamoy shoes and gloves, and crape fans.—Undress; dark Norwich crape.

The men to wear black cloth, without buttons on the sleeves and pockets; plain muslin or long lawn cravats and weepers, shamoy shoes and gloves, crape hat-bands, and black swords and buckles.—Undress; Dark grey frocks.

* On the death of George I, black worsted stuff was ordered instead of bombazine.

The Lord Marshal's order for a general mourning was, that all persons do put themselves in the deepest mourning, long cloaks only excepted.

On the death of Queen Caroline, the theatres remained closed for more than six weeks, viz. from November 20, to January 3.

Fugitive Poetry.

LINES

On seeing the Ode to the Poppy, written by the late Mrs. Charlotte Smith, ascribed to another person.

AND shall the hapless Muse, whose plaintive song
Can touch the heart with Pity's softest pow'r,
Lose the fair honours that so well belong
To her sweet strains on Sorrow's fav'rite Flow'r?

No! Time shall ne'er annul her rightful claim,
Nor rob that Flow'r of its poetic bloom;
Secur'd from Spoilers by protecting Fame,
It decks in native beauty CHARLOTTE'S Tomb.

It is somewhat curious, that every year since the death of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, her beautiful Ode to the Poppy has been reprinted in several public journals, and constantly ascribed to a Mrs. Neale. It appeared under the same name in the Northampton Mercury of Saturday last. On the first attempt at this poetical felony, the above lines were written by John Taylor, Esq., and they are now revived to put an end to these periodical attempts to defraud the real author of a poem so honourable to her talents, her feelings, and her memory.

BLUE PILL*.

Epitaph in Devonshire.

A FEW months ago, with a pain in his Ear,
Ben call'd on his Doctor, who said, "Never fear,
Read, read my book, Tattle, 'twill free you from ill;
Mark well its instructions; and, take my Blue Pill."

The patient adher'd to the Doctor's advice,
Expecting, of course, to be cur'd in a trice.
But neither the Book nor the Blue Pill could save,
Poor Tattle from seeking repose in the grave!
The lament is full sore for the kind hearty Ben,
The pride of all Devon and sensible men.

VARIETY.

THE Lord Chief Justice Abbott, who has lately been appointed to the high official situation conveyed by that title, was formerly a scholar of Corpus

* See Literary Journal, No. 32.

Christi College, and distinguished himself early in life by the force of his understanding, his persevering industry, and the richness of his acquisition in classical literature. While resident in the University, he gained the only two prizes then in existence; in 1784, the Latin Verse Composition, *Globus Aerostaticus*, (one of the best imitations of the philosophical style of Lucretius that has ever appeared since the memorable work of Melchior de Polignac), and in 1786, the English Essay on the *Use and Abuse of Satire*; and he has progressively been carried to the most elevated rank in his profession by the most creditable of all patrons—the recommendation that sprung from his own solid merits as a lawyer, and unblenching impartiality as a judge.—(*Oxford Journal.*)

Extraordinary Calculator.—The following is another question which was put on the wonderful youth, Bidder, at the Stock Exchange, and which he answered in less than *one minute*:—

If the pendulum of a clock vibrates the distance of nine inches and three-quarters in a second of time, how many inches will it vibrate in seven years, fourteen days, two hours, one minute, and fifty-six seconds—each year of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-eight minutes, and fifty-five seconds?—Answer—two thousand one hundred and sixty-five millions, six hundred and twenty-five thousand, seven hundred and forty-four inches and three quarters.—In miles—thirty-four thousand one hundred and seventy-eight miles, four hundred and seventy-five yards, two feet, and three-quarters of an inch.

The Mayoress of Garratt.—On Sunday afternoon last was interred, in Whitechapel Church-yard, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, the *Lady of Sir Jeffery Dunstan*, formerly Mayor of Garratt, who died in the 101st year of her age, so stated on the inscription on her coffin. There were only two mourners, although the streets were rendered impassable from the numerous body of spectators. It is melancholy to find it stated, that her death was caused more through want than infirmity; she occupied a wretched apartment in Duck and Pond Lane, Whitechapel; and it being the request of the deceased, ever since her husband's death, to be buried in the same grave, it was complied with.

Five Fingers.—At the second lecture on anatomy, lately delivered by Mr. Carlisle, the professor, it was observed and explained at length, that the same general system prevailed throughout the organization of all animals; that

the nature and property of the latent power of vitality, which animated all, was totally unknown. The course of nature, in the replenishment of waste and decay, was commented upon; after which a general survey of the organization of the internal parts took place, and the economy of nature with respect to its hydraulic, pneumatic, and chemical operations, was particularly dwelt upon. The professor remarked, that the reason of some circumstances in nature was difficult to be accounted for, though the same was observed as a system in many animals. It could not be satisfactorily explained why the fingers of the human hand were limited to the number of five, yet the same number form the wings of the bat, are prefixed to the ends of the wings of many birds, and five bones, analagous to the human fingers, characterize the fins of the whale. After remarking that the foundation of every art and science originally existed in nature, and that many were derived from the structure of the human body, the professor concluded by briefly stating the subject of the succeeding discourse.

Original Poetry.

LETTER FROM MISS JENNY GUBBINS,
THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER*,
To Miss Jenny Simpkins, her Cousin, in Town.

DEAR cousin—that won't do. My dear—
That's worse—I cannot do it!
I know Miss Gab don't write it so,
So there's my finger thro' it.

My! what a precious blot I've made,
I vow it looks as queer
As father's day book does, when he
Is acting overseer.

By the bye, my dear, (aye, that's the stile,
That's ten times more politer,)
I wish you'd send me down, my dear,
The "Ready Letter Writer!"

Because, you know (tho' father says
I'm well enough for straw-yard),
One loves to do like other folks,
And put the best foot forward.

O Jane! I've got a mort to say,
About one thing or other:
I hope you'll never drop a word—
My nasty little brother—

You understand: ah! really he
In pertness gets quite past one;
And I shall mention things that I
Should never hear the last on.

Were he to know 'em—not that I
A morsel am ashame'd
Of any thing—but then, you know—
You know I'm not ashame'd.

Stupe! he tells mother every thing,
Rot his ugly ways!
Mark me, cousin, I'll be up to him
Some o' these odd days.

Do you remember, Jane, the dance?
Young Mister Stubblefield?
Oh Jane—if mother knew *what's what*—
Enough, I should be kill'd.

Now, what is Farmer Stubblefield?
I know you'll say—"Forsooth,
My dearest Jenny Gubbins, he's
A very proper youth."

And so he is, my dearest Jane,
And very rich likewise:
And as to—stuff o' nonsense, Jane,
It's all a pack o' lies.

Tho' chatt'ring scandal sticks upon him,
Loving as a bur—
Talk me to death, I'll ne'er believe
He ever spoke to her.

And if he did, my dear, what then?
'Twas only a mere dead song:
Perhaps he lik'd the miller's daughter:
Mother is so headstrong!

As to her saying he's too high
For me, and given to folly—
That he only wants to make me go
All over melancholy—

Is nothing;—Jenny Gubbins is,
I think, on 's high a ground:
Marry come up! her father gives her
Twice a thousand pound;

Besides a little farm, the which
Most lowly we are leased at;
And that's a fortin, now-a-days,
By no means to be sneezed at.

And sure I'd leave no stone unturn'd
To make myself politer;
Pray do'nt forget to send me down
The "Ready Letter Writer."

As to 's being wild, and that,
It's all a bag o' moonshine;
Indeed, dear Jane, I'll ne'er believe
One syllable in that line.

I must and will come town next spring—
'Twill vex me if I can't:
Mother says, I may and welcome,
Father says, I sha'nt.

For why? he says, with trumpery plays
And such, you'll cram my noddle;
And they're no good for me, he says,—
All useless fiddle-faddle.

Now father, somehow, ant a morsel
Of politeness in him;
I wish the "helegant in life,"
As Miss Gab says, would win him.

'Twould be so pleasant, Jane, for he
May say whate'er he will,
You must have much to see in town
That's really beautiful!

Your players—Bobs! what tales of them
Our country papers speak,
And we've had one o' your great uns here,
Who died six times a week!

Miss Gabb went market-town to see her—
Father wou'dn't let me go;
But I'm, you know, like nobody—
I'm kept a perfect negro!

† Gab says, folks all with handkerchiefs
Their faces did so rub-O—
In short, she says, they made each box
A very washing-tub-O!

Good dear! I wonder how it is—
To die! oh marvellous!
Now, mother says it's all a trick,
And quite presumptuous.

They are the black man's own, she says,
Exempt from worldly cares!
Moreover, never go to church,
And never say their prayers!

And yet, Gab says, they'll talk so sweet—
So beautifully sing!—
Ah, mother's tale, I'll lay my life,
Is all a moonshine thing.

It stands to reason: were they so
Unchristian, folks would flee 'em:
It makes me, more than ever, anxious
For to go and see 'em.

What d'ye think? John went just now
To put the fattening calf in—
Ha, ha! my dear—my dear, ha, ha!
I'm fit to die a laughing.

'Tis true that John put calfy in,
And fasten'd up the latch;
But, stupe! the fastening was a peg
Not thicker than a match!

And so, you know, my gentleman
War'n't to be kept in so;
He broke it in a minute:—hark!
A tale of muckle woe.

Well—round the yard, and round the yard,
I heard a mortal clatter,
So up I got and look'd out door,
To see what was the matter.

When lo, and behold, and see, I wot
There was a desperate pother;
Two calves were round and round the yard,
A chasing one another.

Ah! lo, and behold, there stood before me,
When the race was done,
A couple of right silly calves,
And brother he was one!

Ha, ha! dear Jane—a joke! a joke!
O my, how I did laugh!
One calf had torn the other's tail
Of's coat completely off!

Do you know Stubbs? He's lost his watch,
It was a metal one;
And Mistress Stubbs, (there's luck!) has got
Another little one.

Poor Joseph Stubbs has got a cold—
His shirt was not well air'd;
How mother scolded!—P.S.—Jane,
Our church has been repair'd;

It wanted bad enough,—Lord knows—
They've made it nice and lighter.
God bless you—don't forget to send
The "Ready Letter Writer."

You always say our golden meads
Are to you such big treats—
I'll send you one, if you'll send me
One of your golden streets.

For, O! Miss Gab declares your shops
Did really turn her head-O;
They were so beautiful and fine,
Just like a summer meadow.

O Jenny! Jenny! what a scribble's
This—I'm sure you'll scoff.
I hope you'll not forget to send
The book I told you of.

Adieu—God bless you all—Adieu!
I quicken must each step-O;
Father's come home—so here leaves off.
Remember me to
Gubbins's Farm, Sept. 1818. BEPPO.

* See the Farmer's Letter, Literary Journal, Oct. 10th, 1818.

† This amiable young lady is supposed to be the rector's daughter.

STANZAS,

To the Author of the beautiful Verses called
"Dreams," in the *Literary Journal*, Nov. 7th,
1818.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—Will you give a place to my poor first attempt, being my tribute of applause to one of your Correspondents, for his beautiful lines, called "Dreams?" I am well aware that any compliment from an obscure youth like me, can have no sort of value in it for "Beppo;" but your notice of these lines may perhaps be the means of exciting me to more vigorous efforts.

I remain, Sir, &c.

A READER.

Gordon House Academy,
Nov. 11th, 1818.

O COULDEST thou (but the thought is vain!)
Lend me awhile thy magic pen,
I'd muse beneath some spreading vine,
And write me, oh! such Dreams as thine.

Who would might trade and trick for gold,
Who would might be a warrior bold;
I'd round me no such nets entwined,
Could I but pen such Dreams as thine!

Let giddy Pleasure trip these up,
Let those go down in Bacchus' cup;
Better than mirth or sparkling wine,
To sleep, and dream such Dreams as thine!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ASIATICUS and A HALF-CAST are received. We are indebted, we presume, for the letter of G. W., to the article on HALF-CASTS, in our preceding number. The author inveighs against our dominion in India with more zeal, we apprehend, than discernment. We are more disposed to listen to what G. W. calls "one of the greatest enormities," "rapidly extending over our territories; namely, the two frequent desertion of the native women and their offspring."

ORDOVEY on the Welsh American Indians, in our next.

"River Side," and many others, are received, and will be attended to as early as possible.

In our last, p. 530, col. 2, for "China benefactions," read "China and other benefactions;" and p. 534, col. 2, l. 13, for "Ceylon, among," read "Ceylon, where, among."

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"To us the Author appears to have met the question very fairly; and he has added and interspersed many observations tending to confirm his opinions, for which we refer to the work itself.

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THIS Institution, since its establishment, has been the means of restoring to sight a very considerable number of indigent persons, at various periods of life, from infancy to extreme old age, who were either born, or afterwards became blind with Cataract. The practice of this Institution is not guided by an unvarying adherence to any one mode of operation, that mode being in every case preferred which Mr. Stevenson has ascertained, by experience, to be best suited to the different species and peculiar state of the disease.

Patients of either sex, and at all ages, from any part of the United Kingdom, and with no other recommendation than that of poverty, may obtain the necessary information respecting admission, by applying personally to the Matron in Windmill Street; or to Messrs. Griffiths, 13, Tottenham Court Road, the Apothecaries to the Institution; every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Morning, before Twelve o'clock. But to prevent disappointment to those who, from ignorance of the specific nature of the Charity, indiscriminately seek its assistance for every variety of ocular complaints, it should be distinctly understood, that this Institution is confined exclusively to those cases of lost or impaired sight, of which Cataract is the real or supposed cause. Mr. Stevenson's private engagements in the medical and surgical treatment of Diseases of the Eye and Ear obliging him, in future, to limit his gratuitous services to this particular ailment of the Organ of Vision.

Although Mr. Stevenson first organized, and has since supported this Institution at his own individual expense, the increasing number of applicants for relief admonish him no longer to refuse accepting, as he has hitherto done, the proffered pecuniary contributions of such as may feel a gratification in co-operating with him in the object of this Institution.

London, Nov. 4, 1818.

* The History, Symptoms, Causes, different kinds of Cataract, and most appropriate Treatment for each, are fully described in the Second Edition of Mr. Stevenson's "Practical Treatise on Cataract;" of which a Third Edition, with the Author's latest improvements, is preparing for the Press.

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